

## WEEKLY

## OR, LADIES'



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

## VISITOR;

## MISCELLANY.

VOL. IV.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1806.

No. 17.

## PAULIN;

OR, THE

## HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

*In continuation.*

THIS news gave me so much the greater pleasure, as it afforded me free liberty to celebrate my marriage, and consider my establishment. I hastened to inform Josephine and her relations of this happy adventure. "That is lucky, indeed," replied the good Bertrand; we shall then be at liberty to celebrate your wedding as we wish. Well! to-morrow we must give the invitations: we have accepted those of Mr. and Mrs. Robert; you must to-morrow, my children, give them yours in return." "We will; and I hope they will not feel less pleasure in dancing at our wedding, than we did at theirs."—"As to Mrs. Robert, I doubt it," said Mad. Bertrand. "I know not why, but I have some suspicion that this marriage is not to her taste."—"What an idea, wife!—Mrs. Robert has no further claim to our Paulin: he is now wholly Josephine's—" "I wonder who dares dispute it," (said Josephine taking my hand :) he is every thing to me; and I would dispute my title with the whole world.

I imprinted a kiss on the lips of Josephine, assuring her, that nobody could dispute with her a claim, which however, had

no other value than what she was pleased to attach to it.—"Will you always have so much modesty my friend? Will not marriage give you a little self-love?" "If I had it to acquire, I could not better manifest it, than in the tenderness of Josephine." Another kiss put an end to our discourse.

On my return home, M. Durant, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, and myself, conversed the remainder of the evening about Mr. Speckleer's visit, and the purchaser, who was coming to take possession. Robert expressed the embarrassment in which he found himself, having decided nothing about his future establishment. His wife did not appear so uneasy; and her motive was evident, from the necessity the purchaser would be under, to continue those who were essentially necessary to carry on the business. "M. Durant," said she, "has his plan quite fixed; M. Paulin is about to occupy himself with his; and I do not see that we, who are at liberty to remain here for some time, need be uneasy; that liberty will give us an opportunity to choose a convenient part."

The next day was devoted to visits and customary invitations. In the evening, M. and Mad. Bertrand, I and Josephine, walked to Rosendall, where we met Mr. Speckleer in the gardens, whom I saluted. Recollecting me, he came up, and addressed me, saying, "I thought I was not mistaken; you are one of the clerks in the house I have bought?"—"Yes,

Sir."—"And that lady, I presume, is your intended;" bowing to Josephine: "I give you joy on the occasion. The day after to-morrow, I think you are to be married: allow me to invite myself to the wedding."—"Sir, you do us great honour, and we accept with pleasure this mark of respect you show us."

Here, M. and Mad. Bertrand, who found Mr. Speckleer disposed to hear them, protested so well of it, as not to leave one of the events of my life untold: that of Captain Wilkes was the one on which they enlarged with the greatest complaisance: according to their account, nobody was so perfect as Paulin; and their praises made me shudder several times: but what seemed to interest Mr. Speckleer most, was my rupture with Henrietta, and the love I afterwards felt for Josephine, after being abandoned by the other.

"I am very glad," said Mr. Speckleer, "that this young man is worthy, by his conduct, of your friendship; but I think he wants a certain frankness. How can he persuade us that he still esteems Captain Wilkes, when he repays him with the blackest ingratitude? Losses are never borne with gaiety of heart, and, above all, by people in his situation, nor without regret, especially of so large a sum." "Sir," replied my father Bertrand with warmth, "our Paulin possesses even frankness; he never disguises what he thinks; and the loss of his money is what affects him the least. If Captain Wilkes



is in misfortune, he should write boldly that it is impossible for him to repay our friend, and M. Paulin would wait his time. I think if Captain Wilkes had written to M. Paulin, he could not be accused of ingratitude; it is the least thing done, to write, when one cannot keep one's engagements; and that of the English Captain is an engagement of honour."—"It may be Captain Wilkes is dead, without being able to fulfil his promise; and I shall repeat it always, that regret at having obliged him will never enter my heart."—"You deserve, my dear friend, a prosperous lot; and I do not doubt but Providence will aid you in all your enterprizes. It is already late, we must depart. Tell M. Durant, that to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock precisely, I shall be at your house. I appoint so early an hour, that all may be done in the morning, and that you may devote the rest of the day to this amiable young lady."

Mr. Speckleer having left us, we returned to M. Bertrand's. Our conversation turned upon Mr. Speckleer, whose air towards me I found less severe than the evening before. Intoxicated with the happiness my union with Josephine promised me, I was in a charming humour, which M. and Mad. Bertrand and Josephine partook with me. I did not quit them until midnight; and at last they were, literally speaking, obliged to turn me out of doors, which highly diverted them. At home, I found every one gone to rest; and was obliged to awake M. Durant, to acquaint him with my recounter with Mr. Speckleer, and to inform him that he was to be at the warehouse at eight in the morning.

I rose early, and yet I found all the house was up before me. Robert and his wife had an air of content upon their countenances, which did not escape me, the cause of which I could not penetrate. Eight o'clock had scarce struck, before Mr. Speckleer and the notary arrived, followed by several porters laden with chests of different sizes. Mr. Speckleer addressed himself to Robert and his wife, saying, "You have written to me for permission to remain here for six months, or a year, to initiate the new purchaser in the nature of the house and business: I answered you, that it did not depend on me to give you that satisfaction. In a short time you will know the master of the house; he will see if your proposal suits him, and you will also see if it suits you to remain with him."

• Mr. Speckleer ordered the men afterwards to open the chests. They contained linens, muslins, cambrics, silk stuffs in pieces, plate, porcelain, in short, every thing which could embellish the house, and make it one of the most agreeable in the town.

Mr. Speckleer ordered the linens and stuffs to be placed in the closets; the plate and porcelain garnished the buffets; the mantle-piece and corbels were adorned with every article which could with propriety belong to them.

• As they placed the different articles, Mr. Speckleer asked me if I liked them, if they were to my taste; and I answered his questions in a manner that seemed to give him pleasure. Mrs. Robert and her husband added their praises to mine; and every word they uttered, made Mr. Speckleer and the notary smile. When every thing was perfectly arranged, Mr. Speckleer appeared impatient. "They are long a coming," said he to the notary. "You have given a positive order?"—"Yes, I am astonished they are not here. As he finished these words, one of the servants opened the door, saying to the notary, "Sir, they wait for you." He went out, Mr. Speckleer, approaching me, and taking me by the hand, said, "M. Paulin, I am delighted that the arrangements made in this house are agreeable to you: it is your's; I pray you to accept it as the assurance of a grateful friendship."

Thunderstruck with these words, I was going to ask an explanation, when the door opened, and the notary entered with Josephine and her aunt on each side of him, followed by my father Bertrand. My surprise was extreme; I could not believe my own eyes; and I was so benumbed; I could scarce pronounce a single word. Mr. Speckleer, who enjoyed our surprise, took Josephine by the hand, and presenting her to me, said, "See here, M. Paulin, the amiable person you have chosen for a companion. Recover your surprise, and receive the reward of a good action. You have saved Captain Wilkes from prison; you have not calculated whether the service you rendered him was injurious to your interest or not; you have followed simply the impulse of a good heart; you have suffered for the action the blackest ingratitude from the woman you loved; and, ever satisfied having obliged a gentleman, you have

had the noble courage to overcome her, having abandoned you, by breaking at last, the bonds unworthy of a heart like your's, and by uniting yourself to a person who combines every virtue, and whom the ties of blood attach to those who protected your youth and the misfortunes of your early years.

(To be continued.)

### INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

(From Wolff's sketches.)

During my short stay at Florence, I was somewhat surprised one morning, while at breakfast, by a visit from a young man, whom I immediately recognized to be Charles—. Many years had elapsed since his abrupt departure from England. His history being peculiarly interesting, I shall take the liberty of here inserting it.—Engaged in commerce at an early age, and taken into the house of his uncle, an eminent merchant in London, his prospects in life were most flattering. From his abilities, attention, and improvement, Charles became the favourite, and was at length considered as heir to his uncle's large possessions. A partner in the same house, who was a man of superior sense, but addicted to extravagant vices, blighted this fair prospect almost in the bud! He was married to a depraved but beautiful woman, with whom he had formerly lived on easier terms. Led on, in defiance of frequent remonstrances, from one act of expensive dissipation to another, his debts accumulated in an alarming degree, which he still hoped to discharge by means of the gaming table. Surrounded by titled blacklegs, and wary sharpers, he engaged on unequal terms, and increased those debts which, in honour, he became obliged to pay without delay, or even investigation. The wife either knew not, or heeded not, the private circumstances of her husband. She saw her house filled with the best company: gave expensive entertainments, and resorted with avidity to every public amusement, which had the power of chasing away reflection and care. The husband, eager to alleviate the stings of conscience arising from the neglect of a young family, plunged still deeper into riot and profusion, and paid no longer any attention to the concerns of his mercantile affairs, which had hitherto been in a very flourishing situation. His partner, an easy old man of independent property, who never quitted his arm chair, was not made acquainted with the excess-



es of Mr——, till intelligence from their bankers arrived, stating that not only the funds of the house were exhausted, but that, from an unusual grant of credit, they had permitted themselves to be considerably overdrawn. The affairs of the house thus involved, the most prompt and speedy measures became necessary, to save their falling credit. A consultation was held, and a proposition made, and adopted, to employ the talents of young Charles, who was a proficient in the art of drawing, in forging the names of some eminent mercantile houses on foreign bills, and thereby raise an immediate supply. Charles, seduced into the practice of this expedient by the treacherous spendthrift, unknowingly committed an act, by which, agreeable to the laws of his country, his life became forfeited. He succeeded so well in the art of imitation, that a second attempt was shortly after made for raising a more considerable sum. In negotiating the bills, however, a discovery took place, which instantly obliged the parties to seek safety in flight.—Not a moment was now to be lost; Charles was made acquainted with the duplicity that had been practised upon him, and being hurried into a carriage wherein a few valuables had been hastily packed up, departed immediately with Mr——for Dover. They embarked in the packet, and arrived safe on the continent. Continuing their route, they proceeded to the south of France, where they took up their residence, and remained concealed, unknowing and unknown.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### COURT OF OYER & TERMINER.

New-York, Jan. 9th 1806.

The people of the  
state of New York  
vs  
FRANCISCOSON,  
A Portuguese.

On an indictment  
for the murder of  
ARNDALD  
GRAHAM.

Public prosecutor, Mr. Riker, assistant  
attorney general.  
Counsel for the prisoner, Mr. Washing-  
ton Morton.

Margaret Graham, daughter of the deceased, being sworn, deposed, That her father was killed by being stabbed in the night some time previous to the fourth of July. She had seen the prisoner at the bar, before that time. He stopped in the street four or five nights before a little after dark, when she was on her way home, from market in company with her father. He took hold of one of her

arms, which she drew from him. He again took hold of her, when her father desired him to let her go; which he refusing to do, and uttering some expressions she did not understand, her father struck him with his hand or fist, but struck him only once, and he fell with the blow. He rose up immediately, and declared in broken English (as she understood him) that he would have revenge. This affray happened near her father's door, in an alley which leads from Bedlow-street to her father's house. She took her father by the arm, and got him into the house; this she was induced to do from the violent appearance of the prisoner.—What became of the prisoner she does not know; she did not see him again the same evening. She had never spoken to him before, but she is certain the prisoner at the bar is the person, because she had frequently seen him going into the house adjoining her father's, and had often heard him talking there with his companions, but did not understand their conversation because they did not speak English. It was a moon-light night, and she knew him from the recollection of his person, and not by the sound of his voice.—The next time she saw the prisoner was at the police-office on his apprehension after her father's death. The last she saw of her father before he was killed, was about twelve o'clock on the same day at dinner. Her mother was then out of town, but returned about three o'clock in the afternoon. Her father went to his labour about two o'clock which was the last she saw of him. In an hour after, her mother came home, the witness went out on a visit to Mr. Chadwick's a rigger, in Harman street, a few doors from Catherine street, and returned when people came and told her that her father was killed. She went to Mr. Chadwick's partly to see his daughter, but principally on an errand for her father, who was embarrassed in his circumstances, and her object was to obtain money for him. When she returned her father was at Mr. Nugent's, dead. She had never, to the best of her recollection, been in the same room with the prisoner, previous to this event. On her cross-examination, she says she is about fifteen years old; she lived with her father and mother before her father's death, and followed no particular occupation. Whether the prisoner lodged at Mr. Tully's or Mr. Nugent's she does not know, otherwise than as she has heard Mr. Tully say. At the house next door, a Mrs. Taylor's where she had seen the prisoner, she never has been her-

self. Her father had lived in the house he then occupied, about a month or six weeks, and does not know who lived there before. Mrs. Taylor's was not a dancing house to her knowledge, as she never had seen or heard of it.—Before the time of the first affray with her father, she had never heard the prisoner speak English. She cannot tell precisely what he said, although her impression and understanding of it were that he would be revenged, but she may have mistaken his declaration or meaning.—When she had done her errand at Mr. Chadwick's, she walked with two young ladies of her acquaintance, who had desired her to accompany them a little way. The name of one was Sally Slam; the other was named Catherine; but where they then lived she does not know. She had been acquainted with them about two months, but had never been much in their company. She knows not to whose house in Catharine street they went, being unacquainted with the occupiers of it: it was on the left hand side, a few doors from Cherry street. They stayed there about a quarter of an hour; and saw the woman of the house, but daughter as she supposes, the husband, and some children whom she did not know, or their names. She had seen the young woman before, but never had spoken to her. They neither ate nor drank any thing in the house. She left there, with the two young women, a little after eight o'clock, and went to a house about the middle of Henry street, occupied by Mrs. Beavood, where there was fiddling and dancing. She knew some of the girls who frequented it, but recollects only the names of Sally Caswell and Betsy Waldron. She was at this house when she heard of her father's death, and at this house she danced that night. She has seen the wound of which her father died.

Ann Ludlow sworn, She lived in Lombard street in June last, and did not know the deceased, but had seen him going to, and from his work. Knows the prisoner at the bar, and saw him for the first time two days before Graham was killed. On the night of the murder the prisoner was at her house, between nine and ten o'clock, he appeared bloody, had a wound over the eye, and seemed to have been hurt. When he came in she asked him several questions, but he returned no answer. He was dressed in a white shirt, light coloured waistcoat, blue trowsers, and white handkerchief round his neck. He was in his shirt sleeves. Had a jack knife with him.

(To be concluded in our next.)



## FOR THE VISITOR

Mr. Editor,

You will much oblige me by inserting the following, from an English work, in your Miscellany. M.

## REMARKS ON COXCOMBS.

## A PORTRAIT.

THERE is no person, among all my acquaintance, whose movements I have more narrowly watched, than those of a young coxcomb, who sometimes visits me. If the reader wishes to know why I have so critically inspected the actions of this finical youth, I will explain my motives as concisely as I can. I have often heard, that every description of men have some useful and commendable qualifications; and, in order to ascertain the truth of this observation, I pitched upon a coxcomb, as the most suitable subject, to bring the question to a test. If any valuable qualities can be discovered in such a character, I think we may pronounce, with some certainty, that no mortal is exempt from a share of good properties. We should distinguish between qualities that are useful to one's self, and those that are so to other people. My present inquiry shall be principally confined to the former.

In the first place, then a coxcomb cannot be a lazy man. I am sensible many censorious people are often ranking him with the idle and dissolute. The charge has no foundation in truth. Whoever attempts to follow all the fluctuations of the fashions, and suffers no other person to keep a-head of him in this respect, will find full employment for activity and discernment. It is impossible any one can do this, and be indolent. The young fribble, of whom I am now speaking, is engaged in no professed line of business, and yet I know of no person whose time is more incessantly occupied. He mentioned to me the other morning, by way of apology for not performing an engagement he was under, that he had not had a leisure moment for more than a fortnight past. This circumstance induced me to keep a vigilant eye over his actions, and satisfy myself in what manner he consumed his days. I called at his lodgings two or three mornings successively, so early that I found him at home. He employed nearly three hours in dressing;

and I am convinced he could not do it in a shorter time. More than an hour was devoted to the adjustment of his cravats: and as he wore no less than six, the folds of which were laid over one another with a mathematical precision, the reader will readily conceive it was not a moment too long. But the hardest task was with the boot-maker. My friend had a dozen pair of boots to try; and such was his taste in what he termed, *sitting to his mind*, that it was two hours (during which time he underwent as much labour as would have completely tired a coal-porter) before he determined on his choice.

It would be endless for me to particularize all the objects which unavoidably fall in the way, and prevent a coxcomb from wearing away his moments in sloth and inactivity. It must be remembered, that he has the process of dressing to pass through twice in twenty-four hours. The remainder of his time is spent in visiting, and in some fashionable amusement, which can by no means be performed by a lazy man. These remarks will, I hope, exculpate my dressy acquaintance from the charge of indolence.

But a more beneficial effect, than that just mentioned, is derived from being a complete coxcomb, in the security it affords a man against the pains and inconveniences of being captivated with female charms. It is well known, that one of these butterfly gentleman loves no created being so well as himself. His whole powers of admiration find employment about his own person. Any disgust or inattention shewn him by a female, is called caprice; and is supposed to result from a want of elegance, or purity of taste. This barrier against those frequent impressions which men of less personal vanity feel, is no inconsiderable advantage: it may fairly be denominated a useful quality to the person who possesses it. Though he extravagantly admire no lady, still he may be the friend and patron of many. Superficial women court his attention, because they are pleased with his finery; and sensible women have pleasantry enough to indulge his vanity and self-approbation. His forms of politeness and good humour are conspicuous; and he will grant the ladies every thing they ask of him, to keep his admiration and love.

A still greater utility, in being a devotee to dress and gaiety, proceeds from its being a pretty effectual guard against

gross intemperence, and many other vices destructive of health and morals. The life of an abandoned profligate is not compatible with that of a finished coxcomb: very different passions give rise to these characters, and they have very different objects in view. Scenes of extravagant dissipation are generally attended with rough language, than which, nothing can be more disagreeable to a man of real foppery. He avoids every situation where he cannot be looked at and flattered. His inclination leads him among genteel people, who admit him as an associate for the civility of his deportment, and who are themselves too well bred to call in question his claims to admiration.

Upon the whole, I am induced to believe, that most people entertain too mean an opinion of coxcombs. It is a much more unexceptionable character than is usually imagined; and a well-shaped strippling, who has rich friends, and slender talents, may be said to have taken his best destiny, when dress is the object of his care, and personal vanity the motive of his conduct. By this means, he will at least escape being a loungeur, as he must of course be active and busy, to keep up the part he assumes. Nor will he probably become a drunkard or a knave; for he can be neither of these, without essentially interfering with the main wish of his heart—to be complimented as a *sweet pretty fellow*.

## FEMALE TEMPER.

"It is particularly necessary for girls to acquire command of temper, because much of the effect of their powers of reasoning and of their wit, when they grow up, will depend upon the gentleness and good humour with which they conduct themselves. A woman who should attempt to thunder with her tongue, would not find her eloquence increase her domestic happiness.—We do not wish that women should implicitly yield their better judgment to their fathers or husbands; but let them support the cause of reason with all the graces of female gentleness.

A man, in a furious passion, is terrible to his enemies; but a woman, in a passion, disgusting to her friends;—she loses all the respect due to her sex, and she has not masculine strength and courage to enforce any other kind of respect. These



circumstances should be considered by those, who advise that no difference should be made in the education of the two sexes.

The happiness and influence of women, both as wives and mothers, and, indeed, in every relation, so much depends on their *temper*, that it ought to be most carefully cultivated. We should not suffer girls to imagine that they can balance *ill humour* by some good quality or accomplishment; because, in fact, *there are none which can supply the want of temper in the female sex.*"

*Selected for the Visitor.*

### IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

*Written at a favorite retreat by*

JOHN MARRIOT.

Far from the town's tumultuous noise,  
What pleasures crown the rural vale;  
Hail calm delights, unenvied joys;  
Ye seats of peace and virtue, hail!

All nature smiles! enchanting scenes!  
The enamell'd meads, profusely crown'd  
With odours, flowers, and sprightly greens,  
Ambrosial fragrance breathe around.

With concert sweet on every spray,  
The vocal tenants of the grove,  
In many a softly-warbled lay,  
Mellifluous pour their artless love

Meandering rills that pour along,  
That toil adown the mountain's brow,  
Wild murmuring join the general song,  
And chide the rough rocks as they flow.

Reclin'd, amidst his listening flock,  
The shepherd with his flute complains;  
Whilst echo from the moss-clad rock  
Prolongs the gently dying strains.

What charms adorn the flowery green!  
How sweet the genial breezes sigh!  
All nature smiles, enchanting scene!  
And calm the golden moments fly.

Far from the town's perpetual noise,  
What pleasures crown the tranquil vale;  
Hail calm delights, unenvied joys;  
Ye seats of peace and virtue hail!

A person deficient in understanding,  
cannot abound in sensibility.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

### INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

O balmy sleep, come, tarry here to night;  
Come fold thy wings, and with a stranger rest—  
Spread o'er my pillow visions of delight,  
Let me, for once, forget I'm so distress'd.

Long hast thou been a stranger to these eyes,  
Long hast thou shun'd this hard and restless bed,  
O grant me then the gift I so much prize,  
And sooth, once more, this weary aching head.

Why dost thou wander thus by night and day,  
And, even restless, seem upon the wing?  
Why dost thou take thine influence quite away  
When but a little would such comfort bring.

Now hark the world confess thy gentle sway,  
Safe sleeps the wretch perhaps condemn'd to die,  
The weary traveller on a rock may lay,  
And grief, e'er this, have clos'd the weeping eye.

Perhaps e'en now thy Lethean charm may reach  
To where rude Zembla freezes, ne'er to thaw;  
There, stretch'd upon the cold and frozen beach,  
Thou liest compos'd upon a couch of straw.

Ah, hither come! and ease this heaving breast;  
Come, heal the wound of pain's corroding thorn:  
"Come, fold thy wings and with a stranger rest,"  
Nor aught shall wake him till the coming morn.

But ah! I feel it cannot, cannot be:  
Still must keen anguish waken me to pain.  
Still for thy sweets be tasted misery,  
Till health return and call thee back again.

D.

FOR THE VISITOR.

*This little piece is taken from the Monthly Mirror, you will please to insert it, for the benefit of all whom it may concern.*

Yours, ADONIS.

### THE BUTTERFLY AND THE TURTLE-DOVE.

I have often heard the coxcomb, who  
is for ever fluttering round the ladies,  
compared to a butterfly.

A few days since, as I was reposing under a tree in which a turtle-dove was cooing, I saw a couple of butterflies fluttering about a flower-bed. They settled now on the rose, and now on the carnation; then they pursued each other; played together; never lost each other among a hundred more; soared at length together into the air and disappeared.

I gave free scope to my imagination—Were one of these butterflies, thought I, to ask the turtle dove over my head, why she coos thus mournfully; and were she to reply, "Go, thou hast no idea of tenderness like mine," might not the butterfly with justice answer—"Good friend, thou art much mistaken if thou hast concluded from the pastorals of mankind, that thou alone knowest how to love, and that we are faithless flirts. It is true, that we flutter about these flowers, but we do not love the flowers. We love each other as much as thou thy mate, perhaps more, for instead of cooing forth eternal lamentations, we make each rose or carnation the seat of our joys, and flutter from one pleasure to another. Believe me, there is but one creature in the world, which can serve as an emblem of infidelity, and that creature is—*man*."

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR

Mr. Editor,

I do not send you an original piece, but, notwithstanding, you will oblige me by giving it a place in your paper.

### PRAYER FOR A HUSBAND.

FROM a profane libertine, from one affectedly pious, from a profuse almoner, from an uncharitable wretch, from a wavering religious, and injudicious zealot—deliver me!

From one of starch'd gravity, or ridiculous levity, from an ambitious statesman, from a restless projector, from one that loves any thing besides me, but what is very just and honourable,—deliver me!

From an extasy'd poet, a modern wit, a base coward, and a rash fool,—deliver me!

From a Venus darling, from a Bacchus proselyte, from a travelling half-bred, from all other masculine affectations, not yet recounted,—deliver me!—But give me one, whose love has more of judgment than passion, who is master of himself, or at least an indefatigable scholar in such a study, who has an equal flame, a parallel inclination, a temper and soul so like mine, that, as two tallies, we may appear more perfect by union.—Give me one of as genteel an education as a little expence of time will permit, with an in-



different fortune, independent of the servile levees of the great, and yet one whose retirement is not so much from the public, as into himself; one (if possible) above flattery and affronts, and yet as careful in preventing an injury, as able to repair it; one, the beauty of whose mind exceeds that of his face, yet that not deform'd, so as to be distinguishable from others by its ugliness.—Give me one that has learned to live, much in a little time; one that is no great familiar in converse with the world, nor no little one with himself; one (if two such happiness may be granted at one time to our sex) who with these endowments may have an easy honest disposition; who by his practice, as well as principles, has made himself so, let him be truly virtuous and pious, and me be truly happy in my choice. *Ellen.*

## WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22 1806.

In the sale of the Library of the late elegant Dramatic writer, Mr. Murphy, we are astonished to find so many unpublished Manuscripts, particularly his "Rise, Progress, and view of the Drama, Ancient and Modern;" "Treatise on Wit, Humour, Laughter, Taste, and the various living Authors, and Great Men of the age in which he lived." They appear masterly performances; and it is sincerely to be wished, that the same may fall into the possession of those who will not allow such precious relics to remain unknown to the world.—*Lon. nap.*

Between one and two o'clock on Tuesday morning, a fire broke out in a soap and candle manufactory, belonging to William Maxwell, a few yards south of lower Robinson and east of Greenwich streets. Although the wind blew pretty strong from the S. W. it was got under by the great activity of firemen and others in about an hour and a half. Besides the building in which it originated, it destroyed another wooden building used by Gibson and Davis as a musical instrument manufactory. But it extended to four brick buildings fronting north on Robinson street, two of them being three stories high, the other, two stories high; occupied severally by Messrs. Shippey, Wilson, and Heyer; the other empty and unfinished.

## THEATRE.

On Monday evening was presented, Shakespeare's Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*.

In the personation of *Romeo*, by Mr. Young, we were unable to discover any of those fine touches of nature which bespeak the actor capable of supporting, with credit to himself, and justice to his audience, characters of so exalted a cast.

We should conclude that three weeks of sedulous attention, would be but time sufficient, to become properly master of a character of so much consequence.—But, from the very imperfect manner in which it was represented on this occasion, we think we should be justified in concluding that the actor, had scarcely devoted three days toward its acquirement.

In the scene where he contemplates obtaining poison of the apothecary, Mr. Y. was totally uninteresting; and appeared like one unconscious of the magnitude of his undertaking.—His enunciation was not in the least varied during the soliloquy.—And when he says,

'And this same thought did but forerun my need,

It was given in a manner, unworthy the representative of *Romeo*.—Indeed, his subsequent acting was void of interest, particularly in the delineation of life's closing scene. Not a plaintive accent marked the regret of the ill-fated youth, when contemplating his approaching dissolution.—No affecting, heart-touching sighs witnessed the agonizing thought of a final separation from *her* who was dearer to him than his own existence.—But, like a man who had undertaken a task to which he found his abilities incompetent, he appeared earnestly to wish its completion.

When we advert to this gentleman's performance of *Charles Surface*, which he sustained in a very creditable manner, with several other characters of similar cast, and think of his *Romeo*, we are ready

to exclaim with Juliet, though from a very different cause,

'O *Romeo*, *Romeo*! wherefore art thou *Romeo*?

Mr. Hallam, sen. although borne down with the weight of years, gave us some spirited acting, as *Mercutio*. The old gentleman yet strives to please an audience who have welcomed him in various characters from active youth to hoary age.

Wednesday, *Who wants a guinea?* with *The Poor Soldier*.

Friday, *The Deserted Daughter*, with *Raising the wind*.

The court of Oyer and Terminer and Goal Delivery, for Baltimore county, closed on Saturday the January session. The Grand Jury were discharged in three weeks, having found one hundred and ninety one presentments, one hundred and eighty seven indictments, upon their own presentments, and about fifty indictments upon former pretensions. There were about forty prisoners tried.—The Goal entirely cleared. There were one hundred and ninety one verdicts, forty eight submissions, and eighty two cases in the whole disposed of, and taken from the dockets.

Deaths in the city of New York, during the week, ending the 15th inst. of the following diseases:—Consumption 5; \* convulsions 3, debility 1, decay 3, dropsy 1, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 2, hives 1, intemperance 1, infanticide 1, † inflammation of the bowels 1, melancholy 1, old age 3, rupture in the brain 1, teething 1, worms 1.—Total 27.

\* Of these, one was a child aged 4 years, and four women, one of whom was aged 19, one 26, one 36, and one 68 years.

† A new born infant, found dead on the Battery.

On Wednesday the Battenkill Road Lottery finished drawing, when No. 15297 being the first drawn number on the last day, was entitled to \$3000 dollars. The ticket was sold in November last, at G. & R. Waite's truly fortunate Lottery Office in Maiden-lane, to a gentleman of this city.

## MARRIED,

On Saturday the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bartow, Jacob Bartow, esq. to Miss Eliza F. Blackwell, of New-Town, (L. I.)

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Cosper, Mr. William Post, merchant of this city, to Miss Catharine Van Beuren, daughter of Dr. John H. Van Beuren, of Flatbush, (L. I.)

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Nicholas Snethen, Mr. James Baker, to Mrs. Francesa Wheeler, both of this city.

....."all, that live, must die :  
passing through nature to eternity"

## DIED,

On Sunday last, Mrs. Althea Murray, aged 74 years.

On Monday last, of a lingering consumption, Mr. Peter Morde, aged 27 years.



N. SMITH,  
CHYMICAL PERFUMER,  
From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE, No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Crème, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions. His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb. Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do. His beautiful Rose Powder, 1s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do. His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each. Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do, Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

## THEATRE.

ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT,

Will be presented

## THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

Diamond  
Angela

Mr. Young.  
Mrs. Johnson

To which will added a new after-piece,  
called

## TARS FROM TRIPOLI;

OR, A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO

THE

## MEDITERRANEAN HEROES.

This Day is Published, and for sale by

D. LONGWORTH,

At the Shakespeare Gallery,  
A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS,  
CALLED

## THE VENITIAN OUTLAW.

Performed at the Theatre Royal  
Drury Lane, with great  
applause.

Translated and adapted to the English  
Stage by

R. W. ELLISTON.

Feb. 22

## CRAYON PAINTING.

G. SCHIPPER,

MINATURE PAINTER,

Has arrived in this city, and respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen thereof, that he takes LIKENESSES IN CRAYON SET, accompanied with an elegant frame and glass, at the moderate price of ten dollars: and if not approved a likeness no payment will be requested.

SPECIMENS of his work to be seen at  
is Drawing Rooms at Mr. SAMUEL. I  
BURROWS, No. 6 Pine-street.

tf

NOW IN THE PRESS,

And will be Published early in the Spring,

AN ELEGANT EDITION OF

## BROWN'S FAMILY BIBLE;

BY ROBERT M'DURMUT,

## W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, Park, to No. 71, Nassau street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He has ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

## VALUABLE INFORMATION

TO THOSE WHO ARE SUBJECT TO THE  
TOOTH-ACHE.

BARDWELL'S TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list:

Extract of a letter recently received.

"Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain quite ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to ensure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

"ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

"No. 15, Thomas street, New-York."

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Sold, by appointment, at A. MINE'S, No. 104, Water street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 439, Pearl street, and wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery lane.





## WOMAN.

When nature own'd the Almighty's Plan,  
When planets roll'd at his command,  
And senseless clay in man was warm'd,  
The last great work, then unperform'd,

Was Woman.

For this the dormant Adam's side,  
Unconsciously a rib supplied;  
Awoke---his bosom rapture swell'd,  
For lo! within his arms he held

A woman.

To soothe his woes, his cares to share,  
And thus his pristine loss repair,  
'Twas surely Heaven's kind design,  
That man unto his side should join

A woman.

A woman's fear, a woman's sigh,  
The magic of a woman's eye,  
Her mild and gentle accents prove,  
The joys all'd to wedded love

And woman.

To weave the silken cobweb snare,  
With syren song allure the ear,  
With charms resistless rule the heart,  
Of happy lover, is the art

Of woman.

When vex'd with busy toils of day,  
To ease, the tired man gives way;  
With converse sweet the hour beguiles,  
Repels dull care with placid smiles

Of woman.

What tempts to plough the stormy main,  
Or roam to distant climes for gain?  
What prompts the willing hand to toil,  
But beauty's weakness, beauty's smile---

But woman.

When journeying on with weary pace,  
To again the fond embrace,  
The way-worn traveller's gloom,  
At home,

And woman.

When pensive grief bends o'er the grave,  
To weep the friend it could not save,  
And silent shed's on Friendship's bier  
The tribute of a falling tear,

'Tis woman's

And when affliction's mournful tale,  
Or sorrow's notes her ear assail,  
Oh! then escapes the rising sigh,  
A glistening tear bedews the eye

Of woman.

## SELECTED FOR THE VISITOR.

## ON IDEAL HAPPINESS.

There is hardly a man, whatever may be his circumstances and situation in life, but if you get his confidence, will tell you that he is not happy. It is, however, certain all men are not unhappy in the same degree; though, by these accounts, we might almost be tempted to think so. Is not this to be accounted for, by supposing, that all men measure the happiness they possess, by the happiness they desire, or think they deserve?

## ORIENTAL MAXIMS

The bookworm is indebted for the following maxims, to a collection, made by the original translator of 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments, from various 'books of morals' in the Arabian, Turkish, and Persian languages.

If knowledge without religion was highly valuable, nothing would be more so than the Devil.

A good book is the best of friends: you can entertain yourself pleasantly with that when you have not a friend in whom you may confide.

It is no blab to reveal your secrets, and it will teach you wisdom.

Ignorance is unjust towards all the world.

He who teaches, and does not practise what he teaches, is like a bird that has wings but does not fly with them.

Patiently endure all the attacks of those that envy you; you will by that means conquer them all. Thus fire itself is extinguished, when it meets with nothing that it can burn.

Whatever perfections you have, do not boast of them, because men will not believe you on your own word.

Man proposes, God disposes.

The tyrannical government of kings is more tolerable than popular government.

Be moderate towards him who does you no harm---you will confound him.

Beware of a friend who loves your enemy.

We say 'the age is corrupted.' We speak improperly, 'tis not the age, but the men of the age that are corrupted.

Never trust appearances; whatever noise a drum makes 'tis only filled with air.

THE Russians have a beautiful proverbial expression---*Easier, but never make the check red.*

An eccentric Barber, some years ago opened a shop under the walls of the the King's Bench prison---The windows being broken when he entered it, he mended them with paper, on which appeared "Shave for a penny," with the usual invitation to customers; and over his door was scrawled the following poetry:

Here lives Jemmy Wright,  
Shaves as well as any man in England,  
Almost---not quite.

FOOTE, (who loved any thing eccentric) saw these inscriptions, and hoping to extract some wit from the author, whom he justly concluded to be an odd character, he pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head through a paper pane into the shop, called out "Is Jemmy Wright at home?" The Barber immediately forced his head through another pane into the street, and replied, "No, Sir, he has just *left* out."---FOOTE laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

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